THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1338.

Original Poetry.

THE WORLD'S STRUGGLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID L. ROATH.

Men of the Earth under Tyranny groaning,
Men by Oppression's feet humbly down trod,
Can you then linger on hopelessly moaning?
Turn on your tyrants and trust in your God!
On mountain, in valley,
In giant strength rally,
Lo—see the foul shackles in which you are bound!
Stout hearts will not fail you,
Strong arms will avail you,—
Cease not your efforts till Freedom is found!

On every hill-top set signal fires blazing,
On every water your heralens decree;
Soon may you greet the proud banner up raising,
Of spirits determined to conquer or die!
Bay, where is the glory
More brilliant in story
Than that of the patriots who fight long and well?
The heroism defying,
They struggle when dying,
Their sons resolution Death only can quell.

Thrones, at whose feet you so long have been bowing,
To outcrouse rain shall totter and fall—
Up to the sky shall your glad anthem pre-ing,
The herald of your proud victory approach:
To ruins calmly,
You may have lost freely,
Long have acknowledged their imperial power—
Your sons shall discover,
Your dark day is over,
That Earth's blinded millions no longer will cower.

Smile for your Freedom, ye land and ye ocean,
A glorious Future you surely will gain;
Soon shall the World be in welcest reunion,
Soon your glad shout sing o'er mountain and plain!
Down on like the torrent,
Your spirit your warrant,—
No counsel fear of failure you steps shall arrest—
With you honor is sacred,
With swords on high gleaming,
Strike once as of yore struck the men of the West!
Wheeling, Va.

TWILIGHT SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As the lone traveller wends his weary way
Long some dark path, or where the light of day,
Thus through life's sad commingles I go,
Without one joy to mitigate my woe.

And when I listen to the voice of Fame,
And weary my life her hoarse high to chase;
Alas! now is danger the author of my call,
Misfortune's pang, and cold neglect so keen.

Ere I shall fall into the arms of Death,
And to my God resign my fleeting breath,
Oh! may my mole have won a brilliant name,
And bloomed my memory with a deathless fame.

I would not wish into the vault unwept,
As if with more no heart remembrance kept,
I would not die, and let oblivion's pall
Wash from remembrance where they made my
graves.

Kentucky Mason College. HYPERION

Original Tales.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by D. Patterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

AGNES;
OR, THE POSSESSED.
A Tale of Mesmerism.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

On the next day Ralph started, as he had proposed, for Boston. The journey occupied but a few hours, as most of it was by rail road. But to him it seemed nearly an age. After leaving his trunk at a hotel, he went immediately to the residence of the friend at whose house Agnes always staid when in the city.

"Is Miss Wellmore in?" he asked of the domestic, who came to the door.

"Miss Wellmore!" said the domestic. "No such lady lives here."

"I mean the young lady from the country."

"Oh, yes! But she hasn't come yet. We are expecting her every day."

"Not come yet!" exclaimed Ralph, turning pale, and leaning against one of the door posts. "She left home day before yesterday."

"But she hasn't come yet," said the girl, innocently.

"Is Mr. A——— in?" Ralph now asked.

"No, but Mr. A——— is expected."

"I will see her. Tell her that a friend of Miss Wellmore's has called and would like to speak to her for a moment."

Ralph went into the parlor, and in a few minutes Mrs. A——— entered the room.

"I have this moment learned that Miss Wellmore is not with you," he said, without ceremony.

His anxious looks and agitated manner startled the lady.

"No, she is not here," she replied. "We have been expecting her every day; but she has not yet arrived."

"She left M——— day before yesterday."

"For Boston?"

"Yes, sir. I put her in the stage myself."

"Day before yesterday, did you say?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where she would can she be?" said Mrs A———, looking now almost as much alarmed as Ralph.

"Heaven only knows!" returned the young man with a half distracted look. "Where can I find Mr. A———?"

"At his store," replied the lady.

"I will see him at once. Some means must be taken to find her."

Saying this, Ralph turned abruptly away, and ran, rather than walked, from the house. He found Mr. A——— at his store, and hurriedly related the object of his visit. After the first expressions of surprise and pain were over, Ralph asked if Miss Florien were not boarding in the city.

"I have not heard of his being here," replied Mr. A———. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I am afraid that he has something to do with her strange absence. He was in M——— this Spring and magnetized Miss Wellmore several times; and I have reason to believe that one cause of her present visit to your city arose from her desire to be magnetized by him again."

"I be expected to be magnetized by some one, I know," replied Mr A———, for so she wrote to my wife. I supposed that her friends were aware of this. She said, in one of her letters, that she had derived great benefit from mesmerism, and that she should avail herself of the opportunity which her visit to them would give her, to have this curative agent applied by the hands of a celebrated professor who would spend a part of the Fall and Winter in our city."

"Florien, of course."

"It may be so. But I have not he ed of his being here."

Mr. A——— then called the clerk, and asked if he had heard any thing of Mons Florien being in the city lately. But the young man replied that he had not.

"Strange!" said Ralph, speaking partly aloud and partly to himself. "He was here, that I know."

"Where?" asked Mr. A———.

"Read that letter and it will tell you," replied Ralph, drawing Florien's letter to Agnes from his pocket, and handing it to the merchant.

"Good heavens! young man, this is a serious affair!" exclaimed Mr. A———, as he folded up the letter. "How came this into your hands?"

"It was received in M——— the day after Miss Wellmore left, and has been the cause of my visit to Boston. You have no doubt heard that she is under an engagement of marriage. I am the man with whom that engagement exists."

"Your name then, is Mr. Percival."

"Yes, sir. That is my name."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Percival," said the merchant, offering his hand, "but I wish it had been under circumstances of a less embarrassing nature."

"So do I, from my heart," responded the young man.

"There can be little doubt of Miss Wellmore's having fallen into the hands of this Florien," said Mr. A———, after a pause of some moments. "He has, in all probability, met her, as he proposed, at the cars, and now has her concealed somewhere in the city, for the purpose of making upon her the experiments he speaks of in this letter."

"Doubtless your suggestion is true. The thought makes me almost frantic. Where can they be? Where, and rescue her from the power of his infernal arts."

"What is done must be done quickly," said Mr. A———. "Let us go at once to the principal hotels, and see at which of them he is or has been putting up."

Acting upon this suggestion, the two visited every hotel in the city, making at each the most particular enquiries, but without gaining a single clue to the intelligence of the individual of whom they were in search. Night came, yet not the least clue that would unravel the mystery of the young girl's absence could be found. The search was kept up until a late hour, but with no better result.

On the next day, the matter was communicated to the police, by whom a systematic and thorough search was made for the missing girl, or the individual who was charged with having abducted her. But this proved alike ineffectual. All that could be ascertained was, that several letters had been received at the post office in the name of Florien, and directed to Mons. Florien, and delivered to some one who had called for them, and also, that a young lady, answering to the description of Agnes, had come in the cars from M———. This last information was gained from the conductor of the train, but he said that he did not remember having noticed her after the arrival of the cars.

This, unsatisfactory as it was proved to be all the information that could be gained after a week's anxious and untiring efforts, and the search in Boston was abandoned as hopeless. It was plain, the more the matter was considered, that Florien had contemplated getting possession of the person of Agnes and, in order to make his purpose more secure, had visited Boston under some assumed name, and left it the moment he secured his prize. What seemed most unaccountable was, how he could have prevailed upon her to accompany him. This was suggested by Mr. A———.

"There is no mystery in that," said Ralph, in a sad voice. "By an effort of his will he can make her his passive slave."

"Impossible!" said the merchant.

"I have myself seen him throw her into the magnetic sleep while she sat at the piano forte two weeks thousand him, and when she could not have been aware of his intention to do so. It is awful to think of, and makes my very blood run cold!" The young man shuddered as he uttered the last sentence.

"I dreamed not of this," said Mrs A———. "Can it be possible that such a power can be exercised over one person by another?"

"It is certainly true in this case. By what agencies he acts, I know not, unless it be by the power of hell. It maddens me to think of it!"

"We must hope for the best," said Mr. A———, in a tone of voice designed to soothe the feelings of Ralph, who was now in danger the author of my call. Misfortune's pang, and cold neglect so keen.

Ere I shall fall into the arms of Death,
And to my God resign my fleeting breath,
Oh! may my mole have won a brilliant name,
And bloomed my memory with a deathless fame.

I would not wish into the vault unwept,
As if with more no heart remembrance kept,
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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies, $2 per annum or six months—$1 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

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8 "	$10.00	" "
13 "	$15.00	" "
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For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Freeman," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peans' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are to account for this paper.

Of Jas. H. Waln's, late of Christiana, New York

Of Col. A. W. Russell, late of Lick Run, Monroe

Of Augustus Gerber, late of Herculaneum, do.

Of Mr. White, late Post Master at Jefferson City, do.

Of Wm. Z. Langley, late of do.

Of Jas. T. Miller, late of Fulton, do.

Of Jas B Angell, late of Commercial Lower-south, do.

Of Jno. Keelman, late of Hickory Grove, do.

Of Jas. A. Chapman, late of Bonnet's, do.

Of Wm. A. Crowley, late of Fayette, do.

Of N. B. Ross, late of Hannibal, do.

Of H. H. Worthen, late of St. Charles, do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE SUDDEN OF HER MARRIAGE. This poem is accepted.

LEMARIO. The poem addressed by "Lemario" to various ladies, are respectfully declined.

"TO THE RACHEL." We do not like the sentiment of our friend's lines, even if his verse was unexception able, which it is not, and therefore must decline them.

ERNEST. We acknowledge the recipt of Engravings 7. 7. F. and W. D. F.

OUR CLIMATE.

We have often thought, in meditating upon the influences of Climate, that the strongly marked sequence of the New England and Middle States, are productive of a greater love and enjoyment of nature, than even the constant sunshine and delicious atmosphere of more southern latitudes. No one, it seems to us, can enjoy the coming on of Spring with such perfect luxury of delight, as those who have experienced the stern cold of a Northern Winter. As the Winter begins to draw towards a close, both mind and body begin to long for the soft sighs of Spring and Summer. The eye has grown tired of the whiteness of the wide snow-spread, and the dusty streets and muddy roads which mark the successive "breakings up" of the Winter, and longs for a sight of the fresh green once more. The open, naked woods begin to have a dreary aspect, and we look forward joyfully in imagination to "the good time coming," when they shall once more putting forth leaves and tender shoots, and then how back the birds with their glad songs once more.

"But," a native of that clime "where Summer reigns perpetual bloom," might say in reply, "I do not think with such a most rapture upon the coming on of the warm, balmy months, how much happier or their fate with whom it is always the same!" And yet it is not so—rather than a continual Summer, we would almost be tempted to choose a never-ending winter. For we soon tire of the hot rays of July and August, and begin to think with pleasure once more upon the keen bracing airs and the long evenings of September and January. For Winter has its peculiar pleasures also; the deep enjoyments of intellectual culture, the lecture, the debating society and the various other social methods of the sleigh-ride, the party, and the more reasonable and happy gatherings of a select, sympathizing few, around the social fireside. Such pleasures which belong in a peculiar measure to the winter months, are far superior to any that Summer, beautiful as she is, has or her power to bestow. For when we can have both, in delicious alternation, we adding a zest to the other, and preventing the natural clog of sameness. We have that which is the most desirable, we think, of climates—and such, notwithstanding its defects, we are inclined to believe is that of a large portion of the territory of the United States.

LACONICS.

There will be a great difference in the lives of ten men, one of whom will remember in mind that he has rights and other men have duties, and the other of whom never forgets that other men have rights and he has duties.

Never be swayed too far by a proverb—there is so much truth in the saying that "a new-broom sweeps by calling" so that "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Many men are reserved and shy before some, while they are free and open with others, according to the respect there which only certain keys will unlock.

"Make money." Yes, make money—do not steal it.

When a woman sets to work to make her house clean, she begins by making it two times sloppier and dirtier than at first—and yet no complaint is made that she is making matters worse than they were before. But when it is a State, and not a house, that wants cleaning, it is thought to be a very different matter.

Friends, in these latter days, are quite as of an indispensable as a help. It is your friend, and there fore without you to speak to you from your pedestal, give up the native independence of your soul, to favor the particulars whim or notion in which he has a fancy or an interest, or—which is worse—is better they were at once upon enemies.

The "three can in woman's life," are her first love, her marriage, and her first child.

Literary men should not over value themselves. Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon, rather of them knew how to write well, very well, but they understood how to make their mark, which answered every purpose.

Philosophy is a noble word—there is only one nobler in the language, and that is Christianity.

AMERICAN LIBRARIES.

We perceive by a late article in the U. S. Gazette, that America is already far beyond the rest of intellectual nations of the old world, in the number of volumes in her libraries. The British Museum contains about 400,000 volumes; the great French library, the *Bibliotheque de Roi*, contains 600,000; while the Harvard School Libraries of New York, has examined of the last ten or twelve years, contain *about twelve hundred thousand* volumes. The library of the Congress of 1845 was above 100,000. That of 1846, only about 20,000. An account of large purchases of maps, globes, instruments, &c.

The Gazette goes on to say, that as regards the number of readers, the advantage is clearly on our side. It is supposed to believe that more persons are supplied with means of information by the New York Lyceum or single mechanic's library, than the *National Libraries of Great Britain and France in the* other. At their present rate of progress, the time, it is thanks, is not distant, when the School Libraries of New York and New England will contain more volumes than the National Libraries of all Europe.

After reading the above statements, which surprised us much, we felt so patriotic, that we could hardly avoid exclaiming, in the words of the poet—

> America, then set the land
> Where people all are brothers;
> For whom one gain is pumpkin pie,
> He shares it with the others."

GOVERNOR THOMAS.

The inauguration of Governor Thomas, of Maryland, for a fifteen years' term, Col. Benton, instituted in the Circuit Court at Washington, has been withdrawn. This whole affair has been one of the most extraordinary of the state, to withdraw all participation on any part to counsel for the defendant. It is now in order to enquire into the real motive source of the truth of the charges promulgated in or inferred from the paper. Some individual must have given the Governor's best friends to be without the foundation. His name is not given, whose true title, however, indicated a letter to the Governor upon the coming up of the suit, in which they say:

"We have thought it our duty, under the extraordinary circumstances of the case, to withdraw all participation on our part as counsel for the defendant in this suit; because we believe that the material source of the truth of the charges promulgated in or inferred from the paper to the Governor, is not to be found in the paper itself, with the present Monthly C. P. McDowell, and to state unequivocally our reasons for so doing.

"After the most anxious and careful investigation into the charges and circumstances connected with these charges, and the shocking suspicions entertained by the defendant of her party, originated we are thoroughly convinced, beyond any rational doubt, that there is no evidence to justify and legal consideration, to justify them, or to give them any color of probability, or to justify any suspicion, grave or light, of their reality; and that all these suspicions, and all the gross charges growing out of them, originated in an unhappy delusion, destitute of all real foundation in fact, but exerting irresistible sway over the mind of the unfortunate lady referred to, and which, while they were accompanied with many circumstances of apparent truth, were produced by the consequences of his suspicion, led bound him to the most unjustifiable acts, by the overwhelming power of morbid delusion alone, to uphold be the public.

"In the hope that this declaration may serve the cause of truth and justice, in purging the public mind to calmer reflection and to a more wholesome exercise of the native powers of his understanding, in the restoration of his distracted wife, and also of allaying the griefs and disappointments of a lady deeply injured in her prospects and happiness, by her general character and conduct, both as maid and wife, we make her discharge from all of the following charges, which are known to be false in this city and all the fair lame that can fall in the list of witnesses, we feel that we are transgressing no professional duty, but are obeying those calls of honor and conscience which a generous sense of liberty to be regard, when we sincerely subscribe this declaration

> WALTER JONES,
> OTHO SCOTT,
> WM. P. MAULSBY."

Upon the presentation of the above paper, Col. Benton withdrew the suit. Governor Thomas's counsel took the course they pursued, without consultation with him, as to the proper construction they have held with him during two years, relative to the case, "they had come to the firm conclusion that his mind, though on general subjects possessed its original power, was on the subject of his marriage under a delusion, which in old times would have been regarded as

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings,* and *Frederick J. Hawes.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson,* of Kentucky.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman,* the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

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The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September,* 15, 1845.

Received from *John Halory,* two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 16, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Halory,* two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

From the Seat of War

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

MEXICAN INSURRECTION AT TAOS—GOV. BENT AND OTHER AMERICANS KILLED—SANTA FE IN DANGER.

The North American of this city has received St. Louis papers four days in advance of the mail covering the following important news:—

"There has been an extensive Mexican insurrection at Taos. All the Spaniards who evinced any sympathy with the American cause have been compelled to escape.

"Gov. Bent, Stephen Lee, Acting Sheriff, General Elliott Lee, Henry Seal and twenty Americans were killed and their families despoiled. The Chief Alcalde was also killed. This all occurred on the 17th January. The insurrection had made formidable head and the disaffection was rapidly spreading. The insurrectionists were sending expresses out all over the country to raise assistance. The number engaged in the outbreak at Taos was about 600. They were using every argument to incite the Indians to hostilities and were making preparations to take possession of Santa Fe.

The Americans at Santa Fe had only about 500 effective men there, the rest were on the sick list, or had left to join Col. Doniphan. Such being their situation they cannot send succor out, as they are hardly able to defend themselves. It is thought Santa Fe must be captured, as neither the Fort nor Block Houses are completed.

"It is announced as the intention of the insurrectionists who captured Taos, to take possession of the government wagon trains, which are carrying forward our supplies, and thus cut off all communication.

"The representations made to Col. Doniphan that Chihuahua would be an easy conquest, were evidently intended as a lure to entrap him, beget a spirit of security, and lead him far off into the interior, where he might be easily cut off.

"It is the universal opinion in Santa Fe, that if General Wool had gone direct to Chihuahua there would have been no trouble in New Mexico. Col. Doniphan had possession of El Paso del Norte on the 28th December. Letters had been received from the Governor of Chihuahua, stating that Gen. Wool was within three days' march of the capital. [...]

ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN HENRIE.

The following extraordinary account of Captain Henrie's escape from the Mexicans, is from the New Orleans Picayune.

Captain H. is a Texan. He was taken with Major Borland's command, but having once before been in the Mexicans' clutches, and some acts of those who had him in charge, arousing his suspicions, he determined upon making his escape. The account is written by Col. Harden. It says:—

By *some accident,* during the evening he found himself on Major Gaines' mare, one of the best blooded nags in Kentucky, and the Major's pistols still remaining in the holster. The prisoners had become considerably scattered near sunset, and Capt. Henrie set himself busily to work to make them keep close together. To do this he rode back, within ten files of the rear of the line, when discovering a small interval in the line of the Mexican guard, he suddenly put spurs to the mare and darted through the lines. The guard immediately wheeled in pursuit, but their ponies were no match for a Kentucky blood horse, and before a gun could be fairly levelled at him, he had darted out of reach. He had three ranchoes to pass. As he passed these he found that the Mexicans in pursuit gave notice to the rancheroes, who followed him with fresh horses; still he outstripped them all.

After passing the last rancho, he had pulled up his mare to rest her, when a single Mexican came up, supposing him to be unarmed. He waited until he came within thirty steps, when, cocking the Major's duelling pistol, he fired, and the Mexican rolled off. In a short time another came near; he likewise permitted him to approach still nearer, when he wheeled and shot him down. He loaded his pistol, and after going some distance, another started up from behind some bushes near the road, and rode at him; he shot at him, with what success he could not tell, but he was not pursued by that Mexican any further. When he came near Encarnacion, he found the camp had been alarmed, as he supposes by some one who had passed him when he left the road. Diverging from this straight course, he crossed several roads, and evaded a number of parties who were in pursuit of him. At length he came to a plain where there was no place to hide. The moon was shining, and he could see a large number of men in pursuit. Putting spurs to his now jaded horse, he made for a mountain valley, and following it to the east, he at length eluded his pursuers. He travelled up the valley forty miles, as he supposed, hoping to find an outlet towards Palomos; but in this he was disappointed. He was unabled to find water for himself or his famished mare, and the next morning after his escape the noble animal expired, more from the want of water than from fatigue.

Capt. Henrie now had to take it on foot. He wandered about all day trying to find a path across the mountain. In the evening he found some water to quench his thirst. He then determined to retrace his steps down the valley, and did so, marching without water or food. During the 26th, 27th, and 28th, he walked along through the chapparel and prickly pears, without food or water, frequently seeing parties of Mexicans, whom he had to avoid. On the 28th he killed a r[...] which he ate, and put the b[...] another meal.

On the night of the 27th [...] followed it until an hour [...] discovered a party of horse[...] knowing whether they wer[...] concealed himself until th[...] discovered they were a pi[...] troops. He gave one shou[...] was exhausted! His nerve[...] up to the highest degree [...] strung, and he was almost [...] on a horse, and took him [...] Capt. Pike commanded an [...]

Capt. Pike informed me [...] in he was the most miserab[...] saw. His shoes were worn [...] in rags, his head was bare, [...] were matted, his hands [...] with thorns from the prick[...] parched and withered with [...] exertion. He had tasted [...] and seemed almost famish[...] soldiers gathered round hi[...] their wallets was at his serv[...] cently had a new outfit of [...] soon newly fitted out. Af[...] getting some food, he was a[...] He says that during the pu[...] than one hundred shots fire[...] passed through his hair.

PRESENT POSITION OF AFFAIRS.

The following particulars are derived by the New Orleans Bee, from officers [...] whom its editor has lately [...] it will be seen, is said to [...] ment against San Luis Potosi.

"As regards the actual position of affairs, it is believed Santa Anna has no [...] San Luis, with a view to at[...] tillo, or rather twenty miles [...] where he is now posted with [...] army. The force under the [...] Gen. Taylor, is about 6,000 [...] cept four batteries of artill[...] of dragoons—the former al[...] latter 150 in all. The for[...] 2,000 men—also volunteers [...] a regular infantry soldier w[...] ving been withdrawn for the [...] coast, under Gen. Scott—he [...] forced by five or six regi[...] actually arrived or shortl[...]

[...]

General News.

CURIOUS VERDICT.—A strange verdict has been rendered in Ireland under the following circumstances. An inquest was held recently in Galway in the work-house upon the body of a mendicant, and the jury rendered their opinion thus:—"We think that the deceased came to his death by exhaustion and misery, caused by the want of the necessaries of life; and as Lord John Russell, head of her Majesty's Government, and Sir Randolph Routh, by not taking the necessary measures to prevent famine, and to save Ireland from the deplorable situation in which she now finds herself, have contributed to the distress of the Irish nation, *we think that the said Lord John Russell and the said Sir Randolph are guilty of wilful murder upon the person of the deceased.*" The Coroner refused the verdict thus rendered, but the jury would not consent to change it except upon constraint, and it was declared that the deceased died of want and the severity of the season.

FALSE WEIGHTS.—Dederich Meas, a grocery-man, was arrested in New York, charged with making use of false weights in dealing out the commodities in his line. The cheat consisted in the attachment of a wire to one side of the scale, which wire tended unnoticed downward through the counter, to the lower end of this wire, while dipping up the sugar or other commodity to be weighed, it was managed to hang a weight which made a difference of some ten ounces in every draft in favor of the vender. The trick was discovered by the Inspector of Weights and Measures while on a professional visit to the store of Mr. M. A complaint was made to the Corporation Attorney, who immediately issued a warrant for his arrest.

SLAVE CASE DECISION.—The Supreme Court of the United States, in the Ohio slave case, have confirmed the decision of the Circuit Court. The case was argued by ex-Governors Morehead, of Kentucky, and Seward of New York. A citizen of Kentucky brought this action against a citizen of Ohio to recover a penalty of $500 for harboring and concealing the slave of the former. The Circuit Court decided the case in favor of the plaintiff. It was appealed chiefly on the ground that the act of Congress, of 1793, under which the penalty was claimed, was unconstitutional. The final decision goes to establish the constitutionality of the act.

DREAMS.—It is stated, that at the time of the loss of Captain George Loring, Jr., overboard from the ship Eliza Warwick, a young lady in this city appeared in great distress in her sleep, and that on her mother awaking her, she exclaimed, in affright, [...]

[...]

THE RUMORED BATTLE.

There has been a rumor of a battle at Monterey, between Taylor and Santa Anna, but it is said to be entirely without foundation.

ANOTHER MAJOR GENERALSHIP DECLINED.—Col. Cushing, the Savannah Republican says, has declined accepting the appointment of Major General, conferred on him by the President. This presents the singular phenomena of two high offices of this kind being declined in one week.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE LEGISLATURE.—The State Legislature adjourned on Tuesday, at twelve o'clock. The supplement to the Pennsylvania Railroad Bill, we understand, was lost. This was to authorize corporations to subscribe to that project.

LETTERS FOR THE ARMY.—The Postmaster General announces that letters written to those employed in the Army, and endorsed "belonging to the Army," will be sent *free of postage.*

NAVIGATION OF THE HUDSON.—The ice is becoming rotten at Albany, but there is no immediate prospect of a breaking up.

Clippings.

☞ The Island of Sacrificios is only 600 yards, or one-third of a mile, from the main land, and not three and a half miles, as was printed in the extract of a letter from Point Isabel, published in the New York Courier.

☞ The planet Mercury can be seen now with the naked eye—distinctly visible from sunset to about half-past 7 o'clock, in the West, three or four degrees below Venus, a little to the right.

☞ The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce has unanimously agreed to construct a Telegraph line from that city to Washington, and appropriated $120,000 for its construction.

☞ The Emperor of Russia gives a premium to the engineers upon his railroads, who complete the year without any accident causing the loss of life or property.

☞ Snow in the neighborhood of Quebec lies in the hard wood-lands to the depth of five feet. In many of the fields the fences are no longer visible.

☞ A machine has been invented in New Jersey, which will work up 500 pigs of lead per day into musket balls, with the aid of a single man!

☞ Ex-President Adams is still at the seat of Government. He will sit to Powell, the portrait painter, before leaving Washington.

☞ The North River is open to Poughkeepsie. A steamboat has been up and returned. [...]

[...]

ALMANAC.

March, 1847.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 SATURDAY,	6 1	5 59	4 52	
21 SUNDAY,	5 59	6 1	5 31	D. H. M.
22 MONDAY,	5 58	6 2	6 34	
23 TUESDAY,	5 57	6 3	7 37	Full 1 9 39
24 WEDNESDAY,	5 55	6 5	8 59	Last 9 11 9
25 THURSDAY,	5 54	6 6	10 11	New 16 3 41
26 FRIDAY,	5 53	6 7	11 11	First 23 9 11
27 SATURDAY,	5 51	6 9	morn	Full 31 3 47

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 7,	42	53	60
8,	53	54	60
9,	40	39	38
10,	36	45	38
11,	35	39	40
12,	28	33	36
13,	27	32	39

Married,

On Thursday evening, 11th instant, by the Rev. Richard D. Hall, JAMES LINTON JONES to SOPHIA WILLIAMSON, youngest daughter of Jacob Wagner, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 8th inst. by Mayor Belsterling, Mr. DAVID P. SMITH, to Miss ERZ[...]ORA TARR, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. ISAAC R. THOMPSON, to Miss EMMA T. SPAYD, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, CHARLES D. EVANS, to Miss ANNA M. ROBERTSON, both of Moyamensing.

On the [...] inst. by the Rev. Ignatius T. Cooper, Mr. HENRY C. LOPER, of the city of Baltimore, to Miss HARRIET GRAVES, of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. JNO. W. PHILLIPS, to Miss MARY JANE ULRICH; and on the 2d inst. Mr. JOSEPH KEARNEY, to Miss ANN BROPHY, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Richard D. Hall, JAMES LINTON JONES to SOPHIA WILLIAMSON youngest daughter of Jacob Wagner, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 11th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of John Swift, Mayor, HENRY S. HARPER, of Montgomery county, to REBECCA S. eldest daughter of John S. Rose, Esq., of Frankford, Pa.

In this city, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. GODFREY M. YOUNG, to Miss REBECCA DAVIS, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John C. Lyons, Mr. THOMAS CHADWICK, of Southwark, to Miss MARTHA SCOTT, of Kensington.

On the 9th instant, At Wilmington, Del. by the Rev. Bishop Lee, Mr. JOHN DURYEE, of New Haven, Ct. to Miss ISABELLA CHADWICK, of the former place.

On the 3d inst. by his Honor John Swift, JACOB RUSH, to Miss SARAH ANN BULLOCK, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by John F. Belsterling, Mayor of the Northern Liberties, Mr. JOHN BEATTY, to Miss MARY P. MADDOCK, both of Delaware county, Pa.

Died,

Suddenly, on the 27th of December, 1846, Mr. THOS. GILLAM, in his 69th year.

On the 15th inst. ANN HASSELL.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE THOMAS, Sr. in the 81st year of his age.

On the 16th instant, Mr. ROBERT MCKNIGHT, aged 30 years.

On the 15th inst. MARY ANN MILES, aged 10 months and 15 days.

On the 15th inst. NATHANIEL BISHOP, Sr. aged 79.

On the 14th instant, MARTHA ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. and Mary Ann Groff, aged 6 years and 5 months.

On the 13th inst. Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Capt. Robert Clark, aged 44 years.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. SARAH F. KESLER, aged 29.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst. Mr. ISAAC FROWERT, aged 25 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. SAMUEL PERRY, aged 22 years.

On the 11th inst. JOSEPH H. MILLER, aged 26 years.

On the 12th inst. GEORGE KIRKPATRICK.

[...]

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[...]

Selected Poetry.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My father, thou hast sate the tale denied;
They say that ere dawn, to-morrow,
Thou will bring back a maiden and smiling bride,
To one lonely home of sorrow.
I should wish that joy of thy coming hour,
But that cannot see my mother's countenance;
I think of my mother's dying hour,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet, to-morrow, I hope to hide my eyes;
I will veil my woman's beaming,
And never to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will breed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her young, and blonde, and beauty;
Ah! little need hath a new made bride,
For a daughter's quiet duty.

Then gnawest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Deep ladies, one inquiet gift, I pray,
Forever on thy weeping daughter.
My eye even now on the coarsest falls;
I covet and ask no other;
It has long for years on my ancient walls,
Tis the portrait of my mother.

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests are rooms are filling,
The main mock gaze of those heart eyes
Might with grief thy soul be thrilling.
And a gloom on thy marriage banner cast,
And thoughts of their owner giving;
For a fleeting caution mourn'st not the past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might waken feelings
Of the love of thy fond, departed friend,
And its sweet and holier meanings.
Of her soul's unremanding force, unabashed
By feeble or selfish weakness;
Of her speech, whose kindling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that it may be mine,
For in the lonely crowd's contrasts,
I reason this portrait from thy sight,
To my chamber a still retreat.
"I will serve me to-morrow's dawn to hear;
It will boast a new properties,
When I sat of flowers, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connection.

Then will wishes, father, to guide and give,
To renew the now sore burden;
But sought on earth remains to me,
But the rest and solace in heaven.
The husband's tears may be free and kind;
Thy love may be changed and cooled;
But the daughter clings, in unchanging grief,
To the image of her mother

Pictures of Life.

THE TWO FELONS.

Or, The Force of Circumstances.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

bed. Fatigue, terror, agony of mind, and hunger—for I had eaten nothing all day—did their work; and I was found by the servants the next morning in a raging fever. From that day to this I never was asked a single question upon the subject! My companion is, that two suppressed that, on hearing of your flight, I had pursued, in order to bring you back; and that mortification and disappointment had occasioned my illness."

"Was there ever fortune like this? Why, you might have kept the money, and it would have been supposed that I had taken the whole. And perhaps you did! Come, let us not have bad confidence; only wait till I get to mine!"

"Too large," said William, gently, "that I am here—and then. But if you will not believe your own eyes, where is the use of my words? There are witnesses, however—hark!" and a knock was heard at the door, accompanied by a confused babble of small voices. It was the young children, brought by the unconscious for the hire of good night; and as they walked, or tottered, according to their ages, with their snowy nightgowns, and white caps tied under their chins, and their rosy faces, dimpled with having smiles, as they held up their little mouths to their father. Some of them offered their hands to their acquaintance of the hall; but the most confused shabby, destitute-looking man turned away to peer attentively on the few, although, when the door closed upon the children, his heretofore averted eyes showed me that his whole frame was shaken with silent sobs.

"I have little more to tell," continued William. "My prison gave me time for reflection; and the thoughts of my crime, though at first a species to effright, became at length a beacon to warn and to guide. My uncle seemed cold and stern to the last; and yet I often think that I should have found some opportunity of unburthening my heart, if an illness of any duration had preceded his death. But he was called suddenly away when I was still a very young man; and before a more mature observation of the world had led me to perceive how mutation youth frequently are in their estimate of the supposed austerity of age. At his death, I found myself the heir of his business and property; and I had the misery of discovering, by the kind yet solemn terms of his will, that I had all along misjudged him—that his coldness was merely superficial, the result of hard experience and habitual thoughtfulness. In short, I married, I became a father, and I—"

"And you longed," added Walter, bitterly, "that you were once a—"

"Felon! Never. The fact is proved, as you well assert, by my name being well known in the annals of this town—I may say of this kingdom—among those of the men who have wrought hardest for the prevention of crime and the reformation of criminals." Walter rose hastily from his chair, and took two or three turns up and down the room with long irregular strides, crushing his hands within each other. He then sat down again gently, almost timidly, and began his relation in a low tone.

"When I awoke," said he, "on that memorable morning in Liverpool, I was some time before I could understand where I was, or what had happened. Our scheme, you know, was not a sudden one: we had accommodated ourselves to it by degrees, and I had come to think it at least an off-hand, dashing, spirited affair. But that room was no silent! That room of the hotel! I jumped up with a sensation of chilling at it more, and you—you were like a corpse—white, ghastly, mute, motionless, dead. I could not breathe. I jumped up with a sensation of chilling! I threw on my clothes violently. I would not awaken you unconsciously, but I dragged about the chairs; I coughed, whistled, and—and at length, enraged at your insensibility, I went forth to gasp in the open air. No warning met my ear—no scowerage from Heaven gave me tidings of the deed!—no mystic voice came to aid the whisperings of my conscience—and my heart! A dull, gasp, heavy thing long over the left side, the stands were crushed with phantoms whom I knew not, and who knew not me: the rush of the carriage wheels was as the rush of the ceaseless winds over a desert. I was suddenly seized, as I leant over one of the piers, with all the dull misery, whatever I need not dwell; I need hardly say that I found myself at the end of a hard-hearted trip, and descending mechanically into the boat. I soon found myself with a single companion, going down the river to ferry the wind."

Then, after all," said William, with currency, as if another person," "our scheme was not so desire! But how did you get to that foreign cliwhere which has left such eloquent tokens upon your countenance?"

"You shall hear. The wind, which was with us going down the river, was against us coming back; and as I had necessary to land at Gravesend for some, notwithstanding all our exertions—growing more and more frantic as my part, as the time passed on—the latter at least three hours before us at gained the pier. A morning, I could not tell of what nature, came over my mind, as I threaded my way through the streets for the coach. Still there was no warning. I heard no voice louder than another among the countless movements of the town, and when a church clock struck twelve as I passed, it fell upon my heart, not like a peal for the living, but a knell for the dead—for the deed was well out of my ear. I was once more in the deserted room—alone in my guilt, friendless and companionless in my despair!

Up to this moment there had been something almost touching in the tone of Walter's voice—it seemed as if the young children had left some holy influence in the room. But here, smiting the table suddenly with his hand, he continued his narrative in a hoarse rude voice, and with an air of the desperado, so marked, that it might have seemed in part assumed. William in the meantime sat watching him with a calm and deep attention, on which not a tone or gesture was lost.

"Well, what was to be done. I was now alone—such that—alone! There was not a human being in the world to whom I had an object either of fulfilling or concealment—who would not either have passed me by as a stranger, or accused me for a felon. This is surely the case even with the vowed of criminals. Even in the bank of New England Land—and I knew Van Diemen's Land!—the range hosts with the savages when he is cut of from his own fellows. Now, back you see, I went to London, when at length I had made up my mind that you had thrown off our scheme you even that road, and gone by the world on your own account. But in London I was still alone; though not long! There is only one kind of society there that is freely open to the unsolicited; and that is the society of the depraved and the desperate. And what was I, that I should scorn such a resource? I was like yourself; I remembered that I was a man, but I remembered it under different circumstances. I betrayed myself that every shilling I spent was the produce of theft, till crime became a portion, as it were, of my existence! What could come of this when my money was spent—when, enervated by vice and misery, I could no longer seek for employment—when the comrades of my brute enjoyments scorned me alike for my poverty and my cowardice! What could come of it, I say?"

"You had two courses; and notwithstanding your dreadful experience, you deliberately chose the worst."

"That is false! It was not through deliberation, but in a fit of madness, aggravated by drunkenness, that I became a housebreaker! I was seized in the midst of my first crime—tried—and cast for fifteen years' transportation. The judge said I owed it to Job. Somebody was right; that I knew little about." Walter's voice here became faint. The paroxysm to which he had wrought himself by the vast past, it had said the wound, had left the worst, and he now went on in a subdued tone.

"I have little more to tell; for as I look back on these fifteen years, there is hardly one incident that, at this distance of time and place, appears to be distinguishable from another. I was there! I belonged well!' at least I got a ticket of leave as soon as it could be legally granted. After the term was over, I tried to do something in Sydney Town, but it was not to be. I was ill—I was homesick—I lost everything—even hope; and when I arrived in London a few weeks ago, I was a broken man—a temporary support, but my appeared. I knew no one, I looked for no one; I felt like a man in a home."

"Then you came hither on the chance——"

"Of obtaining charity? No. I knew no one here except you—and then. But this spot was led to me—this was my home for which I had sickened—this was my country. The object of my journey was not accomplished till I came here. But when I did come, I saw nothing more than walls and trees. I lingered beside them simply because I had nowhere else to go. That is all."

When Walter had finished his narration, he again looked round the beautiful library, then at the door, where he was in imagination the young children and their warm, loving smiles; and with an unconscious shiver he rose up, and pressing more closely the collar of his threadbare coat round his neck, seemed about to move slowly away. The earnest look with which William had been regarding him appeared, and his eyes were suddenly filled with that nearly sublime which in gentler women is termed into tears.

"Sit down," said he, "my poor friend—my unhappy accomplice! We were separated for the gratification of her leg, once again to execute the plan of a higher, wiser Power. A circumstance the most inconceivably trifling, the most apparently accidental, gave a different result to the fate of each one—a different direction to our whole lives. At a stone interposed in the course of a stream divides it into two, sending one portion tribute to the east and the other through a desert, so that circumstance made you a convict, and me—what you see. I was spared by that circumstance from the sufferings and indignities of youth were subdued, and my heart touched and changed even by prosperity, while you were punished to pass the ordeal of guilt, that your more masculine nature might be wrung by its intractable attendant—misery. Sit down. Walter! let us be friends as we were years of the past, and look forward bravely, hopefully—confidingly to the future!"

"Friends!" repeated Walter, as he sat down, "and two had sat in the same room; and twenty years after the present meeting, they were still occasionally there together. But how much more different could their appearance and position. Walter was for many years the governor of a neighboring prison, and though he never knew a word being spoken for him to a considerable amount; and he was looked upon in the country side both for his firmness and humanity. They are now both dead; but though sleeping in the same churchyard, their memory is not so unfortunate. There is a tomb, which is one of the lions of the place, bearing a description commemorative of the talents and virtues of the deceased, and of his public services in the prevention of crime and the reformation of criminals. Near it is a plain slab, recording more by its name and age of the dead, that a humble legend is nearly effaced by the footsteps of the visitors, who stand upon it to view the more remarkable monument. These are the tombs of the two felons.

SONNET.

Beneath my sad with the' the heavy doom
Rested not, it will how thee like a slave,
Darken' thee thou shalt not conquer, to thy tomb
Thee shall go crowd'd and unlamented through an'se or brass.
Complain not of thy life! for what art thee
More than thy fellows, that thou shouldst not weep?
Grow up through the cold ledge beneath the frowned brow,
And the way wearied have the rest-time sleep.
Marvel not at thy life !—patience shall see
Thy head at length crowned with the flowers of heaven.
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,
And it shall lead thee to the gates of Heaven.

Choice Selections.

INHALATION OF ETHER IN SURGERY.

FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.

The practicability and utility of the American discovery of the inhalation of ether for the relief of the surgical operations is no longer a matter of doubt. Since our first notice of the subject, hundreds of operations have been performed in this country without pain. We would point out, incidentally, the very different nature of the evidence on which we pronounce the verdict of success, and that of the testimony brought forward to support the claim of Mesmerism to be regarded as a means of making surgical operations painless.

The inhalation of gases as a means of treating disease is, it appears, not new in the medical profession. It was carried to a great extent by Dr. Beddoes; but has been comparatively little employed in the present practice of medicine and surgery. That such gases produce various powerful effects on the nervous system has also been well known, though it is not known for a length of time, that the vapor of ether, when taken into the system, produces an effect upon the nervous system which renders it insensible to pain, and yet fully inclined to indulge his sep in a Mosaic dispensation of most by colored garments. He has changed all that. He is again the pale, student-like Jew, whom we knew he was before. He has donned a suit of black, an uppercashably perfect in every stitch, and he appears to have doffed the vanity of dress with the gaudy plumage of the peacock. There are other symptoms too, that Ben has turned over a new leaf—the spoken by male on the Sprague's shoulder displayed an off hand familiarity with the rationale of costs mental pellets, far beyond what all the cramming in the world could accomplish. His whole style of style he adopted prompts the hope that he will be often a speaker, even on subjects into which the alchemy of the grave cannot enter. He has a certain sublimate of his earnest. A more polished manner of irony never fell to his lot, he must be seen and heard to be appreciated, with a due allowance for pauses and unruffled as monumental marble, the head of Hebraic eye all a-blaze with its rich Cimmeke venom.

Again a boxz, and up strides an elderly looking individual, whom you at once recognize as a consumercial "gent" in his Sunday clothes, but which have not been brushed. He used to appear once at his self-refreshing lunch. During the interval he has contracted jackals of the House revives him considerably; so that by the time he has vanished into the House, you are favored to admit that "he thinks he will never lack "sublimity" so long as he lives, for Peel is still Peel, just as much as he was in the days of old Colbert, who knew him well.

All this while a little square, squat, stumpy man, with a head as large as if he had water on the brain, pepper and salt pants, and those thick enough to put native brickbats in one course of the paths, keeps running in and out of the House, up stairs, down stairs, and nobody knows into what sort of places besides. One moment he has his hat on his head, another in his hand, and a third time it gets jam down over his eyes, and he leaves it behind him. You think he is some perplexed manager of one of the theatres of the House, and if any one asks him he was a fool, you would believe it at once. That is the Right Honorable Thomas Robington Macaulay, once Secretary of War, now Paymaster General of the Forces, Member for Edinburgh, and in all respects as wide awake a gentleman as any between this city and that

☞ An exchange paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want smoking."

Our Picture Gallery.

[Ruins of the City of Balbec.]

RUINS OF BALBEC.

West in remove to Palmyra, among the ruined cities of the ancient world, is Balbec, situated in the same region, the extraordinary ins of which has been, to the first the seat of luxury and magnificence, and subsequently, of desolation and decay. Its ruins are not nature, and not nature, that has wrought the change so Might has marred the and so poisoned the air, but a degrading superstition. It was originally one of the sources of social prosperity as if some element ury convulsion had suddenly turned the cli mate of country cold and dark, and struck the inmates with hopeless barrenness. Indeed, Turkish oppression has done what no unkindness of nature could have done. It has rendered the region of Palmyra too far the breath of a free commerce in the midst of a ready desert; but nothing hast been able to prevent that curse of sterility and moving. Ages must bring into heaps of ruins at the death-touch of the gloomy tyranny that now hangs like a pall over the land.

We are indebted for the most complete account of Balbec, so far that of Palmyra, to Mr. Wood and his friends, who, after visiting the two cities, gave to the public, in successive volumes, most accurate and splendid delineations of everything they had seen in each, accompanied with historic sketches and chief descriptions. It was on their return from Palmyra that they proceeded to Balbec, which lies almost on a line down from the former city as you went to the sea. It is, however, a little to the north of Palmyra. The spot in which it is placed is in one of the valleys of Mount Libanus, (the Lebanon of Scripture,) now called the Plain of Becat, a fertile and well-watered opening to the sea, which forms its south western extremity, while Balbec stands immediately under the high ground which closes it in the opposite direction. Its breadth, from Mount Libanus to Mount Anti-Libanus, is not more than four to two leagues.

Balbec is situated, as nearly as possible, half way between Damascus to the south east and the past of Tripoli, has Syria, to the north-west. When Wood was there in 1751, the place contained about 5,000 inhabitants, among whom were a few Jews and Christians. Later accounts describe its population as greatly reduced. The collection of miserable huts which form the modern town, probably do not now harbor more than a thousand half savage Arabs.

Ancient writers, in general, are as silent respecting Balbec as respecting Palmyra. But it is on their ruins that which Macrobius, in his luminous, mentions under the name of Heliopolis of Cœlosyria, and to which he tells us the worship of the sun was peculiar, in very remote times, from the other city of the same name in Egypt. Heliopolis in Greek means the City of the Sun, and the magnificence of the Syriac term Balbec is the Vale of Bal, the oriental name for the same luminary when worshipped as a god. It is probable that Balbec was the ancient, as it is the modern, name of the place, although, from not having been mentioned, like Tadmor, the old name of Palmyra, in the Hebrew Scriptures, it has come down to us only in the form of the Greek translation, Heliopolis.

The universal tradition of the country, Wood informs us, is that Balbec, as well as Palmyra, was built by Solomon. Many stories, it seems, are told by the inhabitants, of the wealth and glory of the celebrated Jewish King spent his time in this retreat. Some critics have supposed that some buildings at Balbec may possibly be that spoken of in his writings as "the Tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus." One of the stories current on the spot is that the city was built by him as a residence for the Queen of Sheba. It is believed of course, that in this, as in all other his similar undertakings, the wise monarch availed himself of the agency of genii or spirits.

The ruins of the ancient magnificence of Balbec are not present a crowd of idle architecture, spread over a large extent of space, like those of Palmyra. they consist only of three distinct buildings, which stand apart from each other, on a plain at a short distance from the inhabited part of the town. The one out which we have given, copied from a much larger engraving in Mr. Wood's volume, presents a view of these buildings, with some others in the modern town, as seen from the south. To the left of the picture, or as the building is first approached, are commonly called the Temple of the Sun, with its courts. More in the foreground is another smaller, but more entire Temple, and at a considerable distance west from that, and still farther to the south, is a third Temple, of a circular form, distinguishable by a modern spire, which has been erected over it, to convert it into a Greek church. In Dorie Greece, a Turkish mosque, pagan and other modern erections, are seen interspersed. Surrounding the whole is the city wall, ten or twelve feet high, and defended at intervals by square towers.

The entry to the great Temple of the Sun is from the east, through a magnificent portico of Corinthian columns, and the first apartment in which the visitor finds himself is a magnificent hexagonal (six sided) hall, 100 feet in diameter, exhibiting on all sides the remains of an architectural beauty and magnificence of the richest character, in the columns and other ornaments of a style of architecture which ran around it. Beyond this is a still larger court of nearly a square form, being 374 feet in one direction across the City of the Sun, and in the extremity of that is the far-stretching pillared structure forming the proper Temple. As may be observed from the view, nine of the lofty columns which had composed this part of the edifice are still to be seen standing together. There had been originally fifty-four in all, each of which was eight feet eighteen others along each of the sides. The entire length of the space which they include is 283 feet, and its breadth 107. The height, including the plinth, is 87 feet. Nothing grander can be conceived than the aspect presented by this immense and richly ornamented Temple, when seen in its full extent. No part of the structure is perhaps more wonderful than the terrace or embankment by which the whole is surrounded, the stones of which are in general 30 feet in length by 10 in breadth, and 12 in height. At the west and are the largest that have been employed, each of the 64 feet in length by 14 in breadth, and 14 in height. Its weight would be about 1,125 tons.

The other Temple, to the south of this, is, as we have mentioned, of smaller dimensions, but is still a large building, being 222 feet in length by 114 in breadth. Its columns have been originally 34 in all, namely, 8 on front, and 13 along each of the sides. The height, including the plinth, is 70½ feet; but the ground on which this Temple stands is lower than the site of the other. The entablature is more all likewise of the richest description. The Turks have built two great square towers on the roots of the portico of this Temple, but in other respects it is considerably less dilapidated than the former. In Wood's time, nearly all the columns were perfect, together with their entablature, were entire.

The buildings of Balbec are for the most part of the Corinthian order. The portico of the entrance to the great Temple was built by the Roman Emperor, Antonine Pius, on the second century, and other contributions would also lead to the conclusion that it is of this age.

Humorous Poem.

THE POLITICIAN.

An office for pruning, his college,
His smattern in Latin and Greek,
Has supped at the fountain of knowledge,
And learned the great art to speak
Then he turned in the science of Law,
And crossed over Blackstone and Tweit,
Till the simple beheld him with awe,
And looked at so wonderful!

Now he stretched, with dignified ease,
Round the bar of the village hotel,
And looked as solid as pillars,
And talked upon politics well.
And, anon, with his head hanging down,
As if overburdened with thought,
He strolled through the streets of the town,
And the gaze of the people he caught.

Look now—what a change in his gait!
He halts at each dwelling and shop,
And chats with the humble and great,
And bows as polite as a fop.
I paused, as a man of reflection,
And questioned a token of notes—
'Twas the morn of the day of election,
Our hero was seeking for votes.

The populace shouted his praise,
The grocers applauded his zeal;
He stood in the midst of the blaze,
And felt all his spirit could feel.
He climbed the political ladder,
Till, puffed up with folly and pride,
He knew not the meanest alphabet,
And left out a letter where he died.

Poor man! let him rest where he is,
We would not disturb his repose;
Lest the ghost of his sorrowful plot
Should re-visit the scene of his woes.
Though his soul was supremely small,
The ginsengs may find it, perhaps,
Where, after the judgment of all,
They go forth to gather the wraps!

For the Ladies.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—A remarkable instance of the influence of the female sex over stupid little fellows is to be swayed by it, occurred in the case of John Ranier, an elve of the great Gentaeue Adolphus, and one of the greatest generals Europe ever produced. This brave man owed much of his glory to his first wife, and tarnished it by his second. While the wife whom he brought from Sweden used to be appreciated, with a due allowance for his passionless and unruffled as monumental marble, the head of Hebraic eye all a-blaze with its rich Cimmeke venom.

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Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

COMMON TWIST.—Boil three pounds of common sugar and one pint of water, over a slow fire, for half an hour, without skimming; when it is cool enough take it off, rub the hands over with butter, take that which is a little cooled, and pull it as you would molasses candy, and when it is white, then twist or braid it, and cut it in strips.

PEPPERMINT, ROSE, OR HOARHOUND CANDY.—They may be made as lemon candy. Flavor with the essence of rose, peppermint, or finely powdered hoarhound.

Pour it out in a buttered paper, placed in a square tin pan.

TO MAKE PASTE BOARD.—Take twenty pounds of potash and dissolve it in twenty-five gallons cold soft water. Can iron kettle is the best to put it in.) It will take five or six days to dissolve it, unless the weather is perfectly warm. When dissolved, take twenty pounds of clean grease, or rough grease that will make that weight, and dissolve it with the ley, then strain it through a sieve or callender in the soap barrel, and add the potash ley, being careful not to stir sediment in the bottom of the barrel. Add ment of the potash with a few gallons more soft water, and pour it into the barrel, so as to save all the strength of the potash.

In this way I have never been over three days in making a barrel of soap; and as to its quality I should be proud to exhibit it before any lady in the State.

In regard to the best time for making soap the month of April is as good as any, or just before hot weather commences; as all rough grease must then be looked after, or the flies will take the matter into their hands.—*Exchange Paper.*

Agricultural.

THE WASTE LANDS OF THE SOUTH.

FROM THE FARMER AND MECHANIC.

One of the most peculiar features of the southern country, is the immense quantity of land which is worn-out land which no frequently meets the eye. Much of it has become exhausted by the cultivation of tobacco, and other similar neglect; it soon has the closest and of no value, except as a scanty and temporary pasture, not otherwise yielding enough to support the cattle of these lands presents a bleak and magnitude as to deter the most energetic, yet if the holders of these barren "commons" would adopt the most simple, they would, in a few years, have valuables wastes might soon be made to "blossom as the rose" and become as productive as any lands in the State.

I know it is often argued that these lands are not valuables, because in a few years they grow up in pine, but the question here is that "while the grass is growing the stead is starving," the people cannot live upon pines, the pines do not furnish the means for improving the land, fostering education or paying taxes, and while the poors are forsaking the poor possessors of such property is obliged to narrow his arable demand, and cultivate but one half or less of his vast estate, until the encroachments of the pines drive him to the last corner, and he finds what is left scarcely sufficient to give him decent support. It is useless to talk of recommencing hostilities, for the land has conquered; the man has not the first sixpence to buy an axe-helve to begin the work, and the young pines wave their green branches exultingly in triumph.

The pines are still young, and do not intend to get old, if nor is to be taken as the evidence of age, the coal has not undergone enough to produce a pine that shall ever do more than shade the spot on which it stands.

I know that among the causes of these pine barrens, there is a strong opinion in favor of skids as a manure; but it might be argued that the shade of a pine, the roots of which run but a few inches deep, and the properties might do just as well, and leave the land at the same time arable, and productive of at least a scanty support for man.

Can these lands be reclaimed? If so, how? I remember a case in Cecil county, Maryland, I was passing a farm house, a few summers since, and a plain practical farmer, who had watched the progress of his poor land with regret, he had been told that the greatest mass of stone encumbered his land demand every stick of pine that could be raised, and that his forests in prospects were very valuable, but that he must pay the taxes on a thousand acres of soil, and his arms of cultivation and rotation were diminished, and consequently his ability to improve them. Accordingly he had left himself, and he was remained at a stand, and nobody came to pre engage his sticks of pines, he concluded to make the matter his own. He cut down a number of these pines, and ploughed up the stumps. He next mowed the land with scale, and just before they were ripe unto seed, he set fire to the whole, and burnt it over. Grass was the devastation, and strong the opinion that the neighbors was demented. But when the seine had the full benefit of the grass-seed, and the land the full benefit of the ashes, he sowed and grass it, ploughed and sowed ready for a crop of wheat.

A sixpence growth of oats followed the second crop, and the same was turned in with the seed wheat. The produce of the wheat crop enabled him to put on one hundred bushels of lime to the acre, and the next crop was sufficient to reclaim a valuable farm.

This then is one mode of recovering such waste and lands with but little expense and in a very short time.

One other case occurs to my mind. In East Tennessee, in the same State, the garden spot of the Union, was a farm belonging to non-resident minors, and generally the case with such lands, rapidly yielding to the advance of the pines. It was sold, and an intelligent farmer, adjacent, purchased a portion of the least hopeful of improvements, in order to make his own farm square. He had a few acres too much and offered it for sale, but it was not deemed worth the necessary enclosure. He put a cheap fence around it, sowed it in oats, turned them in grass, and wrested jealous eyes kissed corn. This attained an average growth of about ten inches, and just before it went into the "corn and yellow leaf" turned that in also, on this he sowed a crop of lime, and put in a crop of wheat, following it in the spring with clover. The wheat crop was here than an average, the clover was unusually fine, and the land will compare well with any in its vicinity. Thus it is shown that these waste lands may be rendered valuable, and if would be much better than to sell them at a low price.

Major Philip Reybold, of Delaware, owns in Kent county, Md., vast quantities of such lands, and found it better to give the profits and labor and outlays for ten years for the improvements made in that time.

He has certainly done well and wisely, for the taxes heretofore exceeded the rents. No man could suffer by giving one half such land for the improvement of the other, and the ready access to unobtainable supplies of lime, shell and marl would make it an ad bargain for the enlarger. Both parties would be benefited, because ten acres of the improved land would be worth ten thousand as it is!

H. M.

CULTURE OF THE OLIVE.

In a late address before the Agricultural Society of South Carolina, the Hon. Mitchell King recommended the introduction of the Olive in the rural economy of that State. He read a very interesting letter from J. Hamilton Cooper, of Mount's Hill, from which the following passage is extracted —

"We have succeeded perfectly in picking the Olive and in making from it fine oil, of which I have tasted. This season I expect to make several hundred bottles of oil; and if I am not disappointed by hurricane I hope that winter to exhibit a sample to your critical judgment. Having now about 250 trees of various ages, and intending to increase them, I hope in a few years to be able to test conclusively the question of the Olive culture in Georgia. The experiment will not be a costly one, as the ground occupied by Olives is cultivated at the same time as other crops."

The olive has been successfully cultivated in Louisiana, the first colonists of which State introduced with it also the vine of champagne; all have disappeared before the more profitable crops of sugar and cotton.

Even as far Northward as the Eastern shore of Virginia, the Pomegranate thrives, and the Olive with very slight care, will live and bear fruit.—*American Farmer.*

RECIPE FOR MAKING ARTIFICIAL GUANO.—Take one hundred pounds of bone dust, fifty pounds of the sulphate of ammonia, five lbs. of pearl ash, one hundred the common salt, eleven lbs. of the dry sulphate of soda, and two bushels of plaster of Paris. Previous to this, she was dull, diffident, and embarrassed as if conscious of her indifferent entertainments, but when she talked of her flowers, she assumed two acres of ground.—*American Farmer.*

WARTS.—Warts on the soles and tents of cows may be easily removed simply by washing them with a solution of alum and water. We have known this application to result favorably, even after all other prescriptions had failed, and the disease seem to have advanced beyond the possibility of cure Try it.—*Maine Cultivator.*

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESENT TIME.

FROM PUNCH.

I'll sing you a fine old song, improved by a modern pen,
Of a fine Old English Gentleman, who owns a large estate.

But pays the laborers on it at a very shabby rate;
Some seven shillings each a week for early work and late,
Gives this fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

His hall we leave at long around with pictures all in oil,
Of cases that have gained the prize, at agricultural shows,
And pigs so fat that they can't see an inch before their noses,
For the taste of his attention on his cattle he bestows,
Like a fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

In winter's cold, when poor and old for some assistance call,
And come to beg a trifle at the portals of his hall,
He refers them to the workhouse, that stands open with for all,
For this is how the parish great relieve the penny-a-year Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

When any of his working men are laid enough to prove
For a trifle more of wages at a time of general dearness,
He answers like a thorough-going man of business:—
"Most I pay this or that for work which I could get is now?"
Says the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

But rolling years will onwards flow, and time, alas! will fly,
And one of these fine days this fine Old Gentleman must die.
Ah! will he then bethink him, as he leaves life's latest sigh,
That he has done to shown upon as he would be done by
As the true Old English Gentleman did in the olden time?

Fun and Frolic.

RICH UNCLE.—A lady, whose husband was known to have dipped his hands deeply and freely into the breeches pocket of the Government, was speaking of the patronage, richness and liberality of his relations.

"Uncle John," she said, "gave him a thousand dollars on the night of his marriage; and Aunt William had given him two thousand dollars when their first child was born," and so she went on.

"Yes," said one of the ladies, to whom she was relating the circumstance, "yes, and there is Uncle Sam, whom you have omitted to mention, who has been very liberal to your husband than all her other relations."

DURING WHAT THE DEVIL NAMED DID.—A worthy clergyman somewhere on Cape Cod, was told that a portion of his flock were in the habit of his ministry, and were anxious to get rid of him Determined to be benevolent with them for the Sunday morning after service, he addressed them as follows —

"Brethren and hearers, in the course of the evening week, it is my intention to do what the devil himself never did yet. I'm going to learn Cape Cod!"—*Sunday Telegraph.*

A FAILING HIT.—Mr. R, of the Chancery bar, asked an M. P. better known by his dexterity and dull speeches than by his wit or argument, if he intended to come into Parliament at the next session.

"Why," replied the Dullard, "I do not know that I have talents enough for the House of Commons."

"Caliber," said R., "I know nothing of your caliber, but you have been enough for anything."

TWO DEFINITIONS.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B. to the pallid Miss, who was walking languidly through a quadrille.

"He knew me to manage my own business, madam," replied the prudent nymph. "I shall not dance my complete out of curl for a married man."

"Come out, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

FRIENDS AND INTIMATE.—"All's quiet on the Potomac," said a fond lover to his betrothed, on the death of a baby two months old; "but we did all we could for it, and there's no use repining It was ill only a week, and during that time we had four doctors, who gave it eight calomel powders, applied one blister to the chest, six mustard plasters, and gave it antimony, wine and brandy draughts in abundance! Yet the poor thing died!"

HEATHEN.—A negro woman at the South was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of her own color, among other things she said she had been to heaven. One of the brethren says—

"Sister, you see any black folks in heaben?"

She replied, "Oh, go way, Sam, don't put a body out, I spose I go to de kitchen when I was dar?"

SMOKING.—It has been remarked that no persons of good dispositions and steady habits, ever tarnished their fellow-lodgers by entering when asleep The act of snoring consists of the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings, which the author had not time nor opportunity to vent while awake.

CHINESE.—When any of their wives are indisposed, they fasten a silken thread round their waist, the end of which is given to the physician, and it is only by the motion which the patient communicates to it that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient.

CONCHALITIES.

E?" "Pa, don't that man in what is called the spring-time of life?"

"Why, my son?"

"Seems he looks so very green."

E?" "Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a gentleman to a little urchin whom he had caught jabbering out from his door-step.

He smoke he was to take it," cried the boy.

E?" "Are you fond of tongue, sir?"

"I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it."

E?" "John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"

"Yes, sir; attraction of gravitation pulls a drunkman to the ground, and attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

E?" A gentleman was speaking the other day of the blindness of his friends in visiting him. One old soul, in particular, visited him regularly twice a year and stayed six months each time.

E?" "Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you were making known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expenses any longer."

E?" Why is a Mexican chappard like Mr. Benton's large yellow purse?

Because the "yellow boys" shine through the interstices.

E?" An Irishman having succeeded in picking a person's pocket, the gentleman turned round and caught him by the collar.

"Oliver and I am making from it best sort of trade," was how sure *I might have picked your pocket.*"

E?" A poet somewhere speaks of "books in running brooks." Very good; we have often printed somedays shouldn't be anywhere else.—*Lynn News.*

The Olio.

FRUITFULNESS.—When we were young, and still engaged in sowing oats, we had a friend who, under a rough manner, possessed more true politeness than many of the master's mannered men we have seen, but one instance of this, and shall never forget it. He attended a dancing-school, which among the young men in the village, was the only mode of acquiring ease and appearance neither nature nor art had taken any pains with in their, she was very homely. The young women in the school, it seem, had been impressent that she was never chosen for a partner. Observing this, our friend determined to make it a point to dance with her, and did so during the whole evening. Nor would he wait in hopes that some one else would take her, but he would hasten; and when she was engaged, he would stand by her side. Previous to this, she was dull, diffident, and embarrassed as if conscious of her indifferent entertainments, but when she talked of her flowers, she assumed two acres of ground.—*American Farmer.*

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CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A story is going the rounds of the papers that a consumptive officer in the Fort Indian service was given up by his physicians one day, and accidentally went into a shed where a man had been battling some wine, and at the moment of his entrance the latter knocked the head cask with a seal cocks with. It could not be otherwise than that these within the room should inhale the smoke coming from the cask, and the vapor of the alcoholic fected one, his respiration became free and unobstructed, and it instantly occurred to him that the relief he experienced was produced by his having inhaled the resinous smoke. He continued these inhalations, and in six months his health was completely restored.

BREVITY PREACHING.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his style, and became quiet, pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered:—"When I was young I thought it my duty to thunder that folks might be awakened; but I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightening—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more from that time."

ADVICE TO A BEAKER.—Sydney Smith's Advice to the Bishop of New England, is given in the life of the author of the Inquisitive Legends. The rein the pulpit recommended by the Canon of St. Paul's to the minor as well as the more grave duties of his station, to be given to hospitality; and, in order to foster the taste of his successor, he left behind him without a smoked little boy in the bacon rack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. "And for my part," said he, "I will do both." Let us hope that when your new parishioners do eat you, I hope you will disagree with them."

ANOTHER OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—A young lady lately observed "What a fine old man Mr. Lee is! He was careless of my dress, as the audience are too often free to pay to those in my wardrobe, but when I go to church, I am very particular to wear my best waxl appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves." she is a sensible girl.

PUNS.—Doctor Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seek to make a display. A young divine, who was much given to enthusiastic zeal, one day said to him:—

"Do you suppose you have any real religion?"

"None to speak of," was the excellent reply.

THE CAMEL.—The camel is the only animal that cannot swim. It is an extraordinary fact that the camel thinks it can swim. Next time he t